

Poetry.

MAIDEN AND WEATHERCOCK.

MAIDEN.

O, Weathercock, on the village spire,
With your golden feathers all on fire,
Tell me, what can you see from your perch
Above there, over the tower of the church?

WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs, and the streets below,
And the people moving to and fro;
And beyond, without either roof or street,
The great salt sea and the fisherman's fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in
Beyond the headlands and harbor of Lynn,
And a young man standing on the deck,
With silken kerchief round his neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips,
And now he is kissing his finger tips;
And now he is lifting and waving his hand
And blowing the kisses toward the land.

MAIDEN.

Ah, that is the ship from over the sea,
That is bringing my lover back to me!
Bringing my lover, so fond and true,
Who does not change with the wind, like you.

WEATHERCOCK.

If I change with all the winds that blow,
It is only because they made me so;
And people would think it wondrous strange
If I, a weathercock, should not change!

O, pretty Maiden, so fine and fair,
With your dreamy eyes and your golden hair,
When you and your lover meet to-day,
You will thank me for looking some other way.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

"I'VE MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF."

Breathes there a man upon the earth
Who has not, sometime since his birth,
Exclaimed, in accents far from mirth,
"I've made a fool of myself!"

Not that he cries it forth aloud,
Nor in the centre of life's crowd,
But to himself it is avowed—
"I've made a fool of myself."

It may have been among the girls,
While in the dance's giddy whir,
Among the wealth of fashion's pearls—
"I've made a fool of myself."

Or in the graver walks of life,
While mingling in some greater strife,
When plans of gain, not love, were rife—
"I've made a fool of myself."

In love or gain, in peace or war,
In musing of life's battles o'er,
We must exclaim, with memory sore—
"I've made a fool of myself."

Experience ever teaches best;
So let the memory stir the breast,
That time to come may not suggest—
"I've made a fool of myself."

—Jean Pierre.

Miscellany.

THE LAST MAN ON BOARD.

"Caught at last, Jack. The old craft's bound to drive ashore in half an hour, and then there'll be wet jackets for us all!"

"Aye, aye, Bill, my boy; and it jist sarves us right for shippin' aboard a ten-gun brig. They always has bad luck, they has!"

So muttered the two veteran sailors as the staunch little cruiser whirled onward like a feather by wind and sea, drifted nearer and nearer to the huge black cliffs which, through blinding spray and deepening storm, loomed out plainer and plainer upon the lee bow. The Seabird had indeed made her last voyage. All her boats had been stove in; masts and rigging had long since been torn away by the furious gale, or hacked off by the crew themselves; and the cruel rocks upon which the hapless vessel was driving headlong would have crushed the timbers of the strongest seventy-four like an egg-shell.

But, with death grasping for them every moment, not a man flinched. The captain gave his orders, and the crew obeyed them, as coolly as if running into port on a fine summer morning. But the end came at last. One mighty shock, which threw every man off his feet, a terrible crash, a giddy rebound, and then the doomed brig settled right down upon a sunken reef, with the tearing, grinding noise which no one who has once heard it can easily forget.

"She'll move no more now, till she breaks up altogether," said the captain quietly, "so we must just think of saving ourselves. Any chance of a line from the shore, Mr. Rogers? You know this coast well."

"None, sir, I'm afraid," answered the

first officer, who was standing near him. "There's neither rocket nor life-boat within several miles, and no boat could come out in the teeth of this sea."

At that moment a red light blazed up from the cliff overhead, and the whole scene started into view at once. The great wall of black rock, with the sea-birds flapping and shrieking around it; the narrow strip of beach below, crowded with anxious watchers; the quaint little fishing village, with its rude huts built of driftwood and broken stones; the stranded ship and her crew, every face and every rope standing out distinct in the light of the beacon; and all around the tossing waves, which, reddened by that unearthly glare, seemed to cast up a spray of fire against the gloomy sky. It was plain that the vessel must break up before very long. The captain looked keenly toward the shore for a moment, and then turned to his men. "My lads," cried he, "there's no chance for us yet. They can't get a boat out to us, but we may get a line to them, for the tide's setting strongly in-shore. Twenty pounds to the man who will swim ashore with a rope!"

The offer sounded like a bitter mockery, for to face that sea appeared nothing less than certain death. The words were hardly spoken, however, when a man stepped forward and touched his wet forelock to the captain, who started as he recognized him. And well he might; for this man was the "black sheep" of the whole crew, and had been brought up for punishment (not for the first time) a few days before.

"What, you, Thompson?"

"Aye, it's me, yer honor!" answered the man with a grim smile as he knotted the rope around his waist. "Yer honor told, only t'other day, as I was a disgrace to the ship, so mayhap the old craft 'll be well rid of me."

For a moment the captain's iron face worked as no one had ever seen it yet; and then, without a word, he held out his hand. The other grasped it for an instant in a grip like a smith's vice, and then, watching his opportunity, plunged into the roaring sea. Then came a long and terrible pause. Every man on board held his breath, while straining his eyes into the boiling whirl of foam below. Once, a few of the keenest-sighted among them thought they caught sight of the sailor's black head in the midst of the white, seething breakers; but the next moment a mountain wave rolled in and covered all. Had the daring swimmer succeeded, or had he perished in the attempt? No one could say.

There are very few things more difficult, or requiring more skill and judgment, than to carry a rope ashore in a stormy sea. To a landsman it may seem merely a question of breasting the waves between one point and another, but such is by no means the case. To avoid a wave, or to take advantage of it; to know when to escape by diving, when to rise on the crest of a billow when it breaks; to husband one's strength at one moment and put it forth to the utmost at another—all this must be thought of, in the very crisis of the peril, if the task is to be achieved at all.

Suddenly a cheer comes pealing from the shore, so loud and hearty as to be heard above all the roar of the storm, and it is repeated again and again, till every cranny of the great cliff seems alive with echoes.

"He must ha' done it, sir," says the boatswain to the first officer, "for I feel the rope comin' taut in my hands."

Sure enough, in another moment the narrow black line stood clearly out against the ghostly white of the sea for some distance from the wreck, although farther out it was completely hidden by the leaping waves.

"Now, my lads," cried Captain Hardy, "off with you, and mind you hold fast. If we were boarding an enemy I wouldn't ask you to go first; but this is a different thing. I don't take my foot off these planks till every other man has left them; so the sooner you get ashore the less time you'll keep me waiting."

The concluding joke, grim as it was, touched its hearers in the right place.

They answered him with a cheer, and at once began to push themselves off upon their perilous journey. More than once a stifled cry was heard from the depth of darkness as a furious wave tore some poor fellow from the slippery cord and whirled him away to destruction; but the greater part reached the shore in safety, hailed by the lusty cheers of the fishermen. After the turn of the men came that of the officers. One by one they cleared the deadly space, till the only man left upon the wreck was the captain himself. All at once a terrible cry was heard, and the first officer, turning hastily, saw the rope tossing loose upon the waves. It had snapped in the middle!

"God help mun," muttered an old fisherman sadly; "it be a' over wi' mun now!"

"What!" shouted Thompson, starting up from the wet shingles upon which he had been lying exhausted. "All over with him, d'ye say? Not while we have hands of our own, anyhow!"

"Why, Bill, what's got you?" asked one of his comrades jokingly. I heard you say myself only last week, as you'd give a year's pay to see the old man in a scrape he couldn't get out of."

"And what o' that?" retorted the other savagely. "D'ye think Bill Thompson's the man to remember any sich foolery when there's a brave man dyin' right afore his very eyes. I tell ye he give me his hand afore the whole ship's company just as if him and me warn't cap'n and A. B. at all, but man and man, and I'll help him somehow, if I have to die for it."

"Ee be'st a brave, lad," said one of the fishermen approvingly, "but boat nor line can never reach yon man now. God ha' mercy upon mun's soul!"

"And so we're all to git safe ashore and leave our cap'n behind to drown!" cried a sailor, fiercely. "That 'ud be a nice story for English blue-jackets to tell, wouldn't it? Mates, are we men, or are we a pack o' skulkers as oughtn't never to show our faces on blue water agin? Who'll help me to take a boat out to him?"

"I will!"

"And I!"

"And I!"

"Come along, then!"

"Bide ye, bide ye, lads!" cried the old fisherman; "ee'll do naught o' good thik' way. But I'll tell 'ee what ye med do, if the wind 'ud only shift a pint or two to the east'ard, as it do seem to be for doin'."

"It is shifting; I see it!" exclaimed Thompson, eagerly. "What are we to do, daddy? tell us quick!"

"Ee see you pint?" said the veteran, indicating the rocky headland that closed in the bay to the east. "When the wind be south-and-by-west, it do mak' a coort across the bay, right down to the rocks where the vessel be lyin'; 'ee med get to mun so."

The impatient crew barely gave him time to finish. One universal hurrah shook the air, and in an instant these bruised, half-drowned, starving men, who had seemed hardly able to stand a few minutes before, were running like mad men toward the point, where they scarcely waited to let the wind change sufficiently for their purpose before launching a boat and pulling furiously toward the wreck.

Meanwhile, how fared it with the doomed captain? Perhaps even his stout heart may have failed for a moment, at the thought of his young wife far away on the sunny Kertish shore, and the two little girls that were praying that "papa might come safe back from sea," while he stood there alone with death. But, whatever might be the peril that threatened him, there was no "white feather" about Captain Richard Hardy; and the eyes that had faced without flinching the grinning muzzles of French cannon looked just as fearlessly upon the gashing waves. Suddenly a loud hurrah came rolling over the wild sea, and the rising moon, breaking for a moment through the inky masses of cloud, showed him a boat coming straight toward him, in the bow of which sat the scapegrace Thompson, bending to his oar with the strength of a giant.

And as they approached he could hear beneath his feet the rending of the timbers, and the gurgle of the fatal water as it poured in, keeping time to the oar strokes of his deliverers.

"Pull, boys," roared Thompson, "will yer let him drown afore yer eyes?"

At that moment a mountain wave broke over the wreck, completely burying it for an instant. A terrible crash was heard, and when the spray cleared it was seen that the vessel had parted amidships, and that the whole after part was clean gone. The bow, however, still held firm, and

upon it, shadow-like in the fitful moonlight, stood the dark figure of the captain.

"Hold up, your honor!" shouted Thompson; "another minute and you're saved!"

But it is often that "other minute" which makes all the difference. Just as the boat ran alongside the wreck another tremendous sea overwhelmed both. There was a second crash, louder than the first, and nothing remained of the strong ship but a tossing chaos of broken timbers.

But where was the captain?

Amid the blinding spray and the deafening uproar no one but the man beside him noticed Bill Thompson twist a rope around his left arm and plunge into the sea. But the next moment his call was heard from the midst of the mass of floating wreck, and his comrades, hauling in the line, brought with it Captain Hardy, senseless from the blow of a falling splinter, and Thompson himself bleeding freely from a terrible gash in the forehead.

And now came the hardest part of the work. To return to the point against the current was simply impossible. Their only chance was to head straight for the shore, right through the worst fury of the breakers. More than once all seemed over with them; but the old fisherman who steered was as cool and steady as if only on a pleasure trip, heeding the seas that almost filled the boat no more than drops of rain. The moment her keel touched the sand a score of strong hands were ready to drag them beyond the reach of the waves, while a louder cheer than all burst forth when it was seen that not one man was missing.

Years later, when Commodore Sir Richard Hardy retired from the service, with a pension and a baronetcy to console him for the loss of his left arm, he was never seen unattended by his confidential servant, a short, thick-set man, with a deep scar across his forehead, whose favorite after-dinner story was "how me and his honor was pretty nigh swamped 'bout twenty-five years ago, when the old Seabird went ashore in Ridgemount bay."

A Fortunate Indorser.

It is our observation that not every one who "backs his neighbor's paper" always escapes with his purse untouched. But there are occasions where a man can give his indorsement and convey a benefit all around. Mr. A. W. Wetzel, of Nauvoo, Ill., suffered for years with Dyspepsia, and used all kinds of medicine in vain, until he tried the Hamburg Drops, which quickly cured him. He now warmly indorses this wonderful remedy.—Indianapolis (Ind.) Daily Sentinel.

Their Sole Support.

From the New York Mail.

Sara Bernhardt complains that no woman can live on \$6,000 a year, all that is allowed by the Comedie Francaise. A woman needs at least \$17,000, Sara says, and then she can save nothing for old age. Sara, as is well known, is the sole support of her fatherless family.

A Greater Discovery than Electricity.

I have spent over two thousand dollars, said J. D. L. Harvey, Esq., of Chicago, to cure my wife of Rheumatism. Two bottles of St. Jacob's Oil accomplished what all the medical treatment and other remedies failed to effect. I regard it as a greater discovery than electricity, and a boon to the human race.—Chicago Tribune.

In Paris the fashionable shoes for morning wear are the Indian slippers, in velvet, embroidered in gold or silver, fastened round the ankle by a wide bangle, which is closed by a buckle or gold serpent; also very high heels.

No good Preaching.

No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See other column.—Albany Times.

"I will not learn a trade!" said a Chicago lad to his father. But this business of learning a trade is only matter of time, for within a year that lad was studying harness making in state prison.

The most troublesome and dangerous effects sometimes arise from the slightest cause, and often the Baby's serious sickness could be prevented by promptly using Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup at the beginning. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

Brown says that the best way to retain a young lady's affections is not to return them.

Niles, Rich., Head From.

Larimore & Dean, druggists (30 years in business) write us that JAY'S KIDNEY PAD gives better satisfaction than any remedy they ever sold.